

Snack by hallowtidings

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Breast Fucking, Come Eating, Dirty Talk, F/M, Femdom, Hand Jobs, Mild Kink, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Shameless Smut

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-06-21

Updated: 2018-06-21

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:02:09

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,361

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A sequel to Dessert. Nancy thanks Jonathan for making her feel so good earlier, with some post nap sex.

Snack

Author's Note:

This turned out WAY dirtier than I intended, oops. Tagged mild kink and femdom just in case; it's just some super mild and gentle femdom. This side of Nancy is going to be explored further at some point, with less of the mild....

She wakes up slowly, warm from the sun streaming in through the thin curtains and the strong lean arm around her waist. Nancy smiles contentedly to herself and leans back against Jonathan's chest, tangling her hand with his and brushing the scar on his palm almost without thinking about it. She's rewarded with a sleepy 'Hmmmph?' in her ear and soft fluffy hair brushing against her cheek as Jonathan starts to wake up, nuzzling against her jawline. He smells soft and sweet - like clean laundry and the pancakes he makes her for breakfast - and she feels so safe and happy she could stay there forever.

She rolls over so she can kiss along his cheek and down his jawline, idly playing with some of his fine dark blonde hair. She's always surprised at how such a gorgeous guy went unnoticed for so long....he's shy and closed-off to strangers, but it took a pretty small amount of kindness to get him to open up. He is beautiful, and she finds herself wanting everyone to know it. With that thought, she draws him into a slow languorous kiss and slides her hand into his hair, gently tugging as she swallows down the soft moan he makes when she slides her tongue along his lower lip.

'Hi there, sleepyhead,' she murmurs to him as their lips part. 'I tired you out earlier, huh?' She smirks as Jonathan rolls his eyes with all the energy he can muster in his post-nap haze. 'Don't get cute with me Wheeler, you were the one who lured me into the darkroom with your *pornography*' Jonathan replied in mock indignation before smiling that crooked smile at her (*swoon*, she thinks) and pressing a soft kiss to her forehead. 'It was pretty great though, even if I uh, ended up not lasting too long,' he admitted, blushing very prettily.

‘Yeah....speaking of that....’ she grinned as she shifted over so that she could straddle his waist, hands splayed on his broad chest. ‘You coming in your pants like that was pretty much the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. Like...seriously babe, it was so good I’m amazed I didn’t just come again right there and then,’ she said, biting her lip almost shyly as she brushed a hand along his reddening cheek. ‘I don’t want you to be shy about talking about how it feels with me....if you feel that good then I want to know.’ ‘Uh, I mean, you just um.....taste really amazing, and I’ve never seen you come that hard before,’ Jonathan stuttered. ‘It was just....really hot to taste you, a-and smell you, and feel you come all over my face, especially in the dark. You’re just-- *oh!*’

Nancy had started to slowly roll her hips in a shallow figure-8 across his boxer-clad lap, which was by now sporting a noticeable semi. ‘You just made me feel so good....like before you I never got the fuss about sex, but now I actually get it,’ she breathed. ‘Like I didn’t even know I could come like that, and you just cared about making me feel good. So now,’ she gasped as Jonathan grew hard beneath her and moaned in pleasure, ‘I’m gonna make you feel so good, baby.’

‘Ugh Nance, you’re amazing...it’s honestly just a turn-on to make you feel that good, like just that is more than enough, *nnggh*could eat you out all day and never get tired of it,’ he moaned underneath her, voice hoarse with arousal as he became fully hard from the wonderful friction of her grinding. ‘You’re just *delicious* .’ He paused and his mouth gaped open as Nancy pulled off the Joy Division t-shirt of his she was wearing to sleep in, leaving her perfect breasts bare.

She untied her hair and shook down her loose curls over her shoulders, petal-pink nipples stiff from arousal and the cooler air. His eyes darkened and he *growled* as he surged forward to capture one in his mouth, pressing little kisses around her areola before suckling at the rosebud centre. She half-laughed, half-groaned as her head fell back, helpless under his ministrations before sitting back up and shifting back a little, just enough to gain back control.

‘You can go to town on those later, okay? It’s all about you for now mister,’ she giggled. She gently pushed him back down on the bed, and pressed soft biting kisses from just below his ear down to his

collarbone, tenderly sucking a fig-coloured mark into his smooth pale skin. He sighed in pleasure, head dropped back against the pillow and eyes fluttered closed as Nancy continued her ministrations. He moaned quietly and bucked his hips a little as she swirled her tongue around his stiff pinky-peach little nipples, one after the other, and blew puffs of warm air over them making them tingle and making him squirm at the sensation.

Jonathan was clearly fully hard by this point and had a noticeable tent in his boxers, but Nancy continued her leisurely pace. She pressed kisses into his chest and stomach, making pleased noises every so often as she felt him quiver beneath her. She wanted to make him feel as good as he made her feel; she wanted to truly rock his world and make him see stars, every cliché in the book. She sighed happily as she nuzzled the soft fine hair leading downwards to his navel leading to darker curls. He was really amazingly gorgeous and had such a lovely body, just exactly right.

Finally, finally, she had mercy on Jonathan and pulled down his boxers, letting his cock spring free. Although she didn't have a lot of experience, she thought his cock was just the loveliest she'd ever seen, and she loved the way it filled her up just right. Right on cue, he wriggled and canted his hips and groaned out a hoarse 'please, Nancy, please *oh oh God touch me please* and she replied with a smile and a breathy 'of course baby, I'd love to' of her own before gently but firmly taking him in hand.

'Fuck--!' he stammered as she began to stroke him, using a technique she read about in one of the modern women's magazines her mom thought were hidden away. Quick quick slow, light light firm - he was moaning loudly by now and she probably should have been more concerned about the noise, but she was enjoying seeing his pleasure too much to care. Fuck, it made her feel so turned on to see *him* turned on, and she loved the new feeling of being in control in bed. Drips of pre-cum glazed her fingertips as she leaned forward and let the glans of his cock brush against one of her breasts, causing Jonathan to burst out an unintelligible curse as the rose pink of her nipple met the raspberry of his cock head.

His dick twitched perceptibly and it thrilled her to see his body react to what she did with hers, so she tried it again with her other

breast, going more slowly and attempting a more sensual roll of her nipple against his glans, before grasping his dick her hand again and pressing her breasts around the base as best she good. ‘ *Shit* -- fu-fuck -- oh *Christ NANCY* ’ Jonathan shouted as he thrust once, twice between her flushed breasts and spurted cum messily over Nancy's hand.

He flopped back against the pillows, eyes shut, still shaking like a leaf. When he managed to open them again he moaned out loud as Nancy looked him square in the eye while slowly sucking her cum-covered hand clean, clever pink tongue darting between her fingers. ‘Was that OK, baby?’ she asked as she came back down to cuddle beside him. ‘Amazing, oh wow...you have no idea how good that felt,’ Jonathan sighed happily before capturing her lips in a gentle kiss. ‘Your breasts, er...well, that's a thing for me I guess,’ he laughed shyly. ‘They’re perfect, you’re perfect.’ ‘Well, I’m definitely not perfect,’ she murmured as she laid her head on his shoulder. ‘But you are my favourite snack.’